

Beauty To Ashes

"Repossessed"

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Gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore

Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition she says

IæŠ; carefully booting
My trail through the sand
Crossing the dunes over repossessed land

Gone, gone, gone all the way over
Gone to the other shore

While dead sharp I wait
She says all these questions
Are useless to ask
Make one fine scrapcollection she says

Floodgate of memories
Comes to a hold
Dead sharp I wait till the story unfolds

Like a mantra the waves
Roll in and she listens
To hear that eternal
Sweet low repetition

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